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PURPOSE.

Not like the shifting sand beside the sea,
That landward drifts to every sea-wind's sweep,
Or back into the all-engulfing deep
When mountain currents bend the foothill tree—
Not like the sea-sand shall our purpose be,
But cherished as a sacred trust to keep
Inviolate and steadfast, so that we
Be strong with courage, though we laugh or weep.

Friends may depart by fate or chance; the gold
That buys these worldly pleasures may elude;
E'en love may miss its other self: in all,
If purpose be of active, noble mold,
Not all in vain is life's great task pursued,
And splendid lights shall on our pathway fall!

—*C. L. Cleaveland, in the Current.*

THE CONSTABLE'S STORY.

Constable John Frick. That's me. A matter rough to look at, but sound inside.

Lots of folks affect to sneer at a constable; look down on him in a way as if he was naturally mean and no account.

But Constable John Frick has a soul in him, and a heart as soft as a woman's. Indeed, he has been called chicken-hearted on account he wouldn't kick a stray dog, nor tramp on a sick kitten.

But this is neither here nor there.

Constable John Frick is going to tell some of his own experience on duty.

I mind the day well when I received the paper to warn a certain family that they must "get out," that is, leave the house of Landlord Craigly, because it was an awful stinging cold day in March, when the wind seemed to be tearing things to flinders round the corners of the old frame buildings; and whistled and howled in a way to make a base burner head boss of the ranch.

Rooms 6 and 7 in a great rambling barn of a place, one of a dingy block down by the river; a grimy looking brick building that had once been a warehouse. Now the long narrow wilderness of store-rooms were cut into little cubby holes to live in at both ends with just one window for light and dark passageways to pass in and out.

I remember I thought they were miserable places for God's creatures to live in, and awful weather to put a family out onto the sidewalk in.

I may as well own up that Constable John Frick had "no heart" for this part of the business. Of course the landlord had a right to his rent. That's evident. If the tenants didn't pay they must go out.

All the same Constable John Frick felt mean and uncomfortable.

To save his neck he couldn't account for it, but it seemed as if something would keep on suggesting: "Suppose there is a delicate woman and a lot of little children?"

For answer, the soul of Constable John Frick kept on responding: "Putting 'em out into the cold roadway such stinging weather will be miserable business, make the best of it," and his heart "kicked" strong against it.

But this was borrowing trouble. And it wasn't "business."

It might be that the man—Carl Sevholm was his name on the writ—would go out peaceful. I know I prayed strong it might be so, though it would be fees out of Constable John Frick's pocket if he did.

Room 6 in the rear on the ground floor. I had to reach it through a saloon. Curious how saloons seem to be everlastingly mixed up with poor families who have to be put out into the street.

Who kept the saloon I never knew. There was a greasy-faced, fat man, in a brown knit woolen jacket, behind the bar, and a slim young fellow crouched against the wall to one side, boozy, stupid from the effects of liquor or beer.

It pretty nigh made me sick to look at this young chap; he was so frowsy and rumpled and filthy, as if he had been rolled in a dust heap and then raked through the gutter.

Mr. Sevholm. As I looked at him I involuntarily said to myself: "God help your wife and children!"

The greasy-faced man jerked his thumb over his shoulder to indicate room 6, and I rapped for admittance.

Never was so surprised in my life. Expected to find a slatternly, frowsy woman to match the sodden husband, and a mess of dirty, squalling brats, tumbling about the floor in confusion.

Nothing of the kind. If you'll believe, I found a slim built, pale-faced little women, sitting in a low rocking-chair with a wee baby in her lap, trying to coo it out of the fretful pain it was in.

One day—and not very far away either—she had been as "pretty as a picture." But this was past. Trouble of mind had got in its awful wearing work, making her delicate face thin and pinched and death-like, and the big eyes unnaturally bright.

There was a pretty fair show of tidyish furniture, only it looked as if discouragement had fallen like a mildew on it and the mistress had lost all heart in trying to keep it trim and shapely.

I could see that as plain as a big signboard. Trouble has its own stamp, and if you've seen it once, you know it again the minute you set your eyes on it.

I swear, I felt bad looking at the discouragement, the troubled look on the woman's face, and the wee, sick baby on her lap—remembering the sodden brute of a husband outside. I made my voice tremble so, when I went to explain my business, that I don't believe I made myself understood. But she was expecting what I came for on account the landlord had handed in his notice to leave. She tried to smile, poor thing, faltering out the words that she supposed that I was the constable.

It was an awful sick smile, though. It made my heart ache to see it. It was a sight more pitiful than a frown.

It may seem a strange admission to make, but Constable John Frick apologized for doing his duty. Actually said he was sorry for having to do it. Then he touched the weeny cheek of the baby with his rough fingers and said he hoped it would soon be well, and otherwise talked in a way some folks might have thought was ridiculous in a constable.

But then, if a man has a soft, tender heart, being a constable won't change it, you know.

When the landlord came to the 'squire's office, four days later, and peremptorily ordered the things put out of rooms 6 and 7, Constable John Frick felt about as blue as he had ever felt in all his life. He hadn't been able to get that delicate little woman's sad face out of his mind, nor the sick baby, nor the drunken wretch of a husband.

To tell the plain truth, he and his good wife had talked the matter over frequently. You see, she was a mother, and had a mother's big tender heart in her bosom, quick as a flash to feel where children were concerned. Only that morning, when I was starting away on duty, she said promiscuous like:

"Recollect, John Frick, if you put that poor woman and her baby into the street such a day as this—snowing and blowing fit to kill—you needn't never look me in the face again."

"Jane," I said in my utmost dignified voice. "I must do my duty."

When the writ of expulsion was put into my hands, and the landlord said he wouldn't give another day, I felt meaner than a skunk. The weather was just fearful. It was not only biting cold, but damp and foggy, and enough gloomy to make folks in trouble bend their ideas to getting relief by self-murder.

I found the same sodden young man in the saloon, as tipsy and slouchy and dirty as before. Now he was noisy, drunk, swaggering about the place, swearing and bragging, thick-tongued and maudlin, and looking still more disgusting than when he was doubled up on the chair.

"What do you want here?" he yelled, as I was passing on to room six.

"You dry up, Sevholm!" snapped the greasy-faced man, grabbing him by the arm and swinging him back from following after me. "He's got business with your wife. Keep still—you! you're not fit for business."

But the tipsy loafer broke away and burst into the presence of his wife; and when I had explained the nature of my errand he ranted out:

"It's all right, Elsie. I've got a place ready. I'll fetch a wagon and have the things moved right away." And out he started on a run.

I now learned that another suite of rooms had been secured, only awaiting the payment of the first month's rent in advance, and that by the sale of a portion of his wife's best wearing apparel the needed money had been secured. I also learned that the man was a first class workman in a business that paid exceptionally high wages, and that until he had fallen into habits of intoxication they had lived as happily and respectably as hearts could desire.

Would he return with a team and gain the new home for his family! Or would he continue his drunken spree and spend the money his wife's clothing had been sacrificed to secure? I asked these questions a score of times, as I stole furtive glances at the troubled looks in the woman's eyes, and noted the terrible strain her mind was in while he was gone.

The furniture was nearly all packed in readiness for removal; and I knew, though she did not tell me, that frail wife had spent her strength in the arduous preparation.

I had told the landlord that they were ready to move, and would be surely gone that day. He was not half satisfied. He had come tearing to the office in a great stew of anger and impatience to have them thrust out forthwith, he would not grant another hour's delay, so there was no help for it; if Sevholm did not speedily appear I should be compelled to place their effects on the sidewalk.

So stating to Mrs. Sevholm, I added that I would a heap rather take a licking than do it. With tears of thankfulness in her eyes, she responded:

"You shan't be put to the pain of it. God bless you for your kindly sympathy. You are like the dear old father I once had."

Then after she turned her head a minute to brush away the tears that blinded her, she drew a heavy gold chain from the bosom of her dress, and as she held it up for me to look at, went on:

"It cuts me to the heart to sell this. It was a present from my dear mother the day I was married. I can sell it for enough to pay the rent, and have the things moved in a little while, if you will be so good to watch the baby until my return."

Of course I understood well enough that she had given up all hopes of her man's return, or of ever seeing the money she had trusted him with to pay for the rooms. And it was curious, as I could see as plain as plain could be, that she was ten times over more pained and worried about me finding out what a miserable scamp her husband was showing himself, than for the trouble and misery he had heaped on herself.

That was womanlike.

I wouldn't listen to what she had proposed, by no manner of means. As good luck would have it, I had $10 in my pocket. Said I:

"If this will be enough I will lend it on the chain, and you can pay it back whenever you are able. That way you won't need lose your mother's present, nor pay any interest."

She couldn't speak for thanks. Her heart was too full.

At this very minute her husband came tearing into the room before his wife could get the jewelry out of sight.

"Give that to me!" he screamed. I knew you had it all all along. But you lied; lied!"

With this he struck at her in his drunken rage, and poured forth a torrent of cursing vituperation.

Then I grabbed him and yanked him backwards with a pretty rough jerk, but before I could secure him he gave me a slip under the ear that knocked me over a stool, and made another savage lunge at the defenceless woman, as she strove to get out of his way.

The blood of Constable John Frick was now up to fever heat. Generally he is a mild tempered man, with a constitutional tendency to peace. He never could stand quiet and see a woman or child abused though, and he tackled that maddened brute with as little compunction as he would have trampled the life out of a snake or rat."

I knocked him down, kicked him a time or two in the ribs, and mopped up the floor with him in a way that sobered him so he fairly roared for mercy. Never gave a man such an unmerciful thrashing in my life before.

And all this time his wife, her face as white as death and holding out her arms imploring, begged for mercy on his cowardly hide.

That was womanlike too.

"Now you get a team and move this stuff lively!" I said, as I let him crawl up off the floor.

Turning to his wife, as she stood all in a tremble, I assured her he had never had anything do him as much good as that beating would do.

And I was right, as I am able to show.

I did not see or hear anything of them, except once, about three months after, when Sevholm called at the office and redeemed the chain, till as much as two years had gone by, I chanced to be walking one evening on a street I had not seen before, when I came to the front of mighty pretty cottage, with a trim garden and grass lawn in front; and I stood admiring it a bit, as I have a fashion of stopping to enjoy the sight of a nice place, when a hand was laid on my shoulder real hearty, and a cheery voice cried out:

"Constable John Frick! give me your hand!"

"If you'll believe me it was that identical loafer, Carl Sevholm!

But not the first bit of a loafer now. Not much. You wouldn't meet a smarter looking man, nor more respectable gentleman in a long day's march. It was a solid pleasure to look at him and remember what a God-forsaken scamp he had been not three years ago.

"Come right in and see Mrs. Sevholm!" he said, pulling me up to the side of the porch all covered with pretty vines. "She'll be mighty glad to see you."

Pleased? You'd better believe it. Pleased wasn't half a name for it. The light of newborn happiness and thankful gratitude was just dancing in her bright eyes.

Ah, wasn't she a picture! Health and rosy gladness of heart had all come back to her. Soul-numbing trouble had all gone. She was just as sweet and nice looking a lady as I ever set eyes on, and the baby, as plump and fresh as a spring robin, was toddling around like a house a-fire.

House was furnished handsome, I can tell you. Everything in top apple-pie order. It was easy to see that the old miserable saloon tippling was played out for good.

When I stood up to leave, after enjoying a real pleasant chat, and promising to call again. Sevholm clasped my hand as he said:

"Constable John Frick, that was an auful thrashing you gave me. My bones ached for a month. But it did me more good than anything I ever had. And I thank you for it to-day. It made a man of me. Gob bless you!"—*W. Whitworth, in Cleveland Leader.*

HEALTH HINTS.

Grapes are an easy and pleasant cure for dyspepsia.

For nose bleed, get plenty of powdered alum up into the nostrils.

A simple remedy for neuralgia is to apply grated horseradish, prepared the same as for table use, to the temple when the face or head is affected, or to the wrist when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

The French method of administering castor oil to children is to pour the oil into a pan over a moderate fire, break an egg into it and stir up. When it is done flavor with a little salt or sugar or currant jelly.

Scrape fine a small piece of fresh, juicy, tender, raw beef. Season highly with salt and pepper. Spread it on thin slices of bread, put them together like a sandwich, and cut into small squares or diamonds. This will often tempt a patient who could not otherwise take raw meat. The sandwiches are sometimes made more palatable by toasting them slightly.

Webster and Jenny Lind.

"Webster was a very convivial man, fond of pleasure and social amenities. On one occasion he was at a supper, at Brown's hotel, and, the wine being good, he imbibed a great deal of it. Jenny Lind was singing at the Canterbury theatre, and at a late hour Webster and his party of friends adjourned from the hotel to the theatre. When they arrived the curtain had just gone up for the last act, and the cantatrice appeared on the stage to sing 'Hail Columbia.' Webster joined in with his magnificent bass and accompanied her through the song. The audience yelled, stamped and shouted. They began again, and again sang it through with the same enthusiasm pervading the audience. The procedure was repeated a third, a fourth, a fifth and a sixth time, before they were permitted to retire. At the close Webster made a magnificent bow to the diva, such as would have made him a prince had he made it at a drawing-room of Louis le Grand; the singer returned it, and Webster repeated it, and these courtesies continued until both had bowed in the most elaborate manner seven times. During the whole performance Webster held his fine silk hat in his hand and Mrs. Webster was tugging at his coat, signaling him to desist."—*Louisville Times.*

The Shamrock.

It is related that when St. Patrick landed in Ireland in the fifth century, having overcome the hostility of the savage islanders, he proceeded to instruct them in the doctrines of Christianity. But in vain did he endeavor to explain to them the doctrine of the trinity in unity. His untutored hearers failed to comprehend his reasoning till, plucking a trefoil to serve as an illustration, he inquired of them, "Is it not as possible for the Father, Son and Holy Ghost as for these three leaves to grow upon a single stalk?" This argument, according to the legend, immediately convinced the Irish, who yielded to St. Patrick's efforts for their conversion. The shamrock was thenceforth dedicated to the saint and became the national cognizance. It is somewhat unfortunate that this pretty story is not to be found in any of the lives of the great saints of Ireland, but it is still more unfortunate that it is again impossible to determine which is the true shamrock. According to the best authorities, however, the honor is due to the Black Nonsuch or Medicago, or to the Dutch clover. Both these plants are worn on St. Patrick's day, and are held to be the true shamrock.—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE EFFICACY OF CHARMS.

AN AGREEABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR NAUSEATING MEDICINE.

Strange Superstitions of English Farmers Settled in Pennsylvania —Some of Their Queer Beliefs.

A letter from English Settlement, Penn., to the New York *Times* says: Years ago a number of emigrants from Devonshire, Lancaster, Cornwall, Yorkshire, and other counties of England settled in Northern Pennsylvania, near the New York State line. They have made some of the finest farms in the State, and are the best of citizens, but many of them cling with singular tenacity to a strange belief in the efficacy of certain charms that have been used for centuries among the class to which they belonged in England. The charmed ring cure for epilepsy is one of these. Only a few days ago a jeweler at Honesdale was called upon by a resident of the settlement who had with him his daughter, a sickly girl of fifteen. The girl produced nine English two-penny pieces from which the jeweler was requested to make a ring to fit the girl's middle finger. It was necessary, the farmer said, that a portion of each coin should be used and the rest of the pieces saved and returned to his daughter. The coins were given her by nine boys, as near her own age as could be found, which would give to the ring a charm which, when she put it on would cure her of epilepsy, from which she was suffering. This he maintained was a cure that was always tried in Devonshire and never failed. If the victim of epilepsy was a male, the nine coins must be presented by nine females.

Some of these farmers keep the skins of adders in or on their houses and buildings, believing them to be a certain charm against fire. To cure ague the patient is taken to a spot where two roads cross, and an oak tree is found as near the spot as possible. A lock of his hair is lifted up and driven into the tree with an ash peg. The patient must then tear himself loose, leaving the hair sticking in the tree, and walk away without looking behind him. Sufferers with erysipelas by wearing in a silken bag around their neck a toad from which the right hind leg and the left fore leg has been cut until the mutilated reptile dies will get well of the disease. The tongue cut from a living fox, these charm believers say, carried about the person will ward off disease of all kinds, but as the person carrying one of these fox tongues will surely die if he should happen to meet a fox at any crossroads the charm is seldom invoked. One old resident of the settlement carries in his pocket constantly an immense tooth from a human jaw. The tooth, he says, was taken from the mouth of a man who was hanged in Hertfordshire more than a hundred years ago after the man was dead, and was carried by the present owner's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. It is carried as a preventive of toothache, the tooth from the dead person's mouth being a certain charm against that malady. The owner of the tooth says he never had the toothache in his life. A double hazelnut carried in the pocket or about the person is also a preventive of the disease.

The charms for the dispersion of warts believed in by many of these honest farmers, are numerous and most singular. For instance, if a person with warts on his or her hands will write down the number of them on the band of a tramp's hat without the tramp knowing it, he will carry the warts away with him—that is, they will gradually disappear from the person's hands and appear on those of the tramp. By cutting a notch on a green elder stick for every wart a person may have, rubbing the stick on every wart, and then burying it in the barnyard until it rots, the warts may be cured. Warts may also be removed by taking a black snail, rubbing it on all the warts at night, and impaling the snail on a thorn bush, repeating the process nine successive nights, by which time the warts and the snail will both be shriveled up. Another way to get rid of warts is for a person to see a funeral pass unexpectedly, wherever he may be, and as it passes rub his warts quickly and repeat the words, "Warts and corpse pass away and never more return." Green peas may also be used to advantage in taking off warts. Let the afflicted person take as many peas as he has warts and touch each wart with a different pea. He must then wrap each pea in a separate piece of paper and bury them secretly in the shade of an ash tree or under a hazel bush. If peas are not in season and the person with warts does not care to try the efficacy of any of the above named charms, let him select as many pebbles as he wants. Sewing them up in a small bag, he must take them to where four roads cross and throw the bag over his left shoulder. This charm will never be resorted to, however, by persons who have no maliciousness in their hearts, for if, by chance, any other person should find the bag and open it the warts will appear on his hand.

A wen is usually a troublesome and unsightly thing to be afflicted with, but the victims of wens need not suffer long if they believe in the English charm. Take a common snake. Hold it by the head and tail, and draw it backward and forward nine times over the wen. Then cork the snake in a bottle and bury it. If that fails, the patient must not repine, but simply wait until the next May Day. Rise early in the morning of that day before the sun has disturbed the dew. Go to a graveyard, and by passing the hand three times from head to foot over the grave, collect the dew that lies on the grave of the last young person who was buried in the yard. If the victim of the wen is a woman the grave must be that of a man, and vice versa. Apply the dew immediately to the wen, and a cure is guaranteed. In England, according to an old resident of the settlement, the "dead stroke" was considered a never-failing cure for wens. This was the stroking of the affected part with the head of a dead criminal.

The charm for curing nosebleed is a curious one. If a person is subject to nosebleed he may effect a cure by going to a person of the opposite sex and requesting him or her to purchase a piece of lace, such as may be specified, for the person making the request. When the lace is brought the person must take it and neither pay for it nor return thanks for it. He must make a necktie out of the lace and wear it for nine days, and he will never have the nosebleed again. If the person is too modest or gallant to get the lace in that way let him catch a toad, kill it and wear it around his neck in a bag until the stench sickens him. His nose will never bleed again. If a person has cramps in the legs or feet at night, he has but to place his stockings in shape of a cross on the floor in front of his bed when he retires, or lay his slippers under the bed, soles upward. Placing the shoes under the coverlid at the foot of the bed so that the toes of the shoes protrude is also a sure preventive of cramps. No one who wears a snakeskin around his head need ever have headache. If one feels a sty coming on his eye let him take a hair from the tail of a black cat, rub the eye with it nine times before midnight on the first night of the new moon, and the sty will die. A ringworm may be dispersed by simply holding between the thumb and fingers a pinch of hazel ashes before breakfast for three days and saying:

"Ringworm, ringworm red!
Never mayest thou speed or spread!
But aye grow less and less,
And die among the ash!"

These and many more strange superstitions are part of the faith of the simple, honest and thrifty farmers of English Settlement.

Drinks for the Voice.

Tea, coffee and cocoa are three admissible drinks, but none in excess. For the voice cocoa is the most beneficial. It should never be made too strong, and those cocoas are the best that have been deprived of their oil. A cup of thin cocoa, just warm, is more to be recommended between the exertions of singing than any alcoholic beverage. Tea must not be taken too strong nor when it has drawn too long, for tea then becomes acrid, and has a bad influence on the mucous membrane that lines the throat. There is always a dry sensation after having taken a cup of tea that has been allowed to draw too long. A vocalist had better do without sugar in tea and only take milk with it, or, if an exhilarating drink is needed, mix some claret wine with the tea, putting in a slice of lemon and some honey.

Coffee should never be taken too strong and not too often. Two cups a day is all that can be allowed; without sugar is best. Very strong coffee heats and makes the voice husky. In fact, no drink should be taken too hot or too strong; the voice wants an equable, mild temperature, that will keep up constant moisture and flexibility in the vocal organs.

These are of all classes and are now universally taken, but I am sorry to say that the chemical ingredients of the syrups used with them are often very injurious to the voice. Soda-water is refreshing when pure, but when mixed with all kinds of aromatic substances actually dries the throat instead of moistening it. Ginger ale, cider, and such manufactured drinks are only serviceable to the vocalist when of the very best manufacture, otherwise they are heating and drying instead of cooling. So few fruit syrups are now made of fruit that it is difficult to know where to find them, and the artificial syrups are really dangerous to the voice.

Water is to be recommended when pure, but not too much ice-water. In any case, it must be filtered water, and never too cold. A spoonful of pure syrup or honey in a glass of cold water is better than aerated drinks. Water to excess is also injurious to the voice. Milk in excess is also injurious, while a glass of fresh milk in the morning is most helpful to the voice. It not only softens it, but nourishes it and purifies the blood.

Fortunes in Stone and Bronze.

Washington City has a great deal of money invested in statuary, and some of it may be looked upon as a mighty poor investment. Greenough's naked statue of Washington cost $45,000, and the statue of liberty away up there on the capitol dome cost $25,000. Clark Mills, the sculptor, received great sums from the government, though he died comparatively poor. Fifty thousand dollars was the price paid him for Andrew Jackson, who sits upon a rearing horse opposite the White House, and he received another $50,000 for his equestrian statue of General Washington in Washington circle. Another $50,000 statue is that of General Thomas in Thomas circle, and it must make the taxpayer happy as he looks at it to remember that Congress paid $25,000 for the pedestal, and that the four bronze lamp posts around the base cost $4,000 apiece. Away off to the east of the capitol, in Lincoln square, three thousands pounds of brass represent Abraham Lincoln giving freedom to the negro. The statue cost $17,000, but it was paid from contributions made up by the freedmen of the South. General Nathaniel Greene stands in a park northeast of the capitol at a cost of $50,000, and in Scott circle, General Winfield Scott has been embodied in bronze for $45,000. Vinnie Ream's statue of Farragut cost $20,000. The statue of McPherson, together with its pedestal, cost about $50,000, and down in Rawlins square, southwest of the White House, there is a bronze statue of General Rawlins which looks just as well, at a cost of $10,000. In addition to these there is the statue of Professor Henry in the Smithsonian grounds, which cost a small fortune, that of Admiral Dupont, opposite Blaine's, which represents a large enough sum to pay several times a Congressman's salary, and the beautiful bronze statue of Martin Luther in front of the Lutheran Memorial church, which cost but $5,000, and is as fine a piece of statuary as you will find this side of the water.—*Carp, in Cleveland Leader.*

An Astonishing Scene at Sea.

A singular scene was witnessed by some sailors off the Irish coast a few days ago. The sea was calm and many birds were seen moving about with great rapidity, occasionally disappearing beneath the water and coming up again half strangled. As the vessel approached it was seen that a shoal of fish several acres in extent was visible upon the water. A bird would alight on the back of a fish, spread its tail or wings to catch the breeze, dig its claws deep into the finny monster's hide, and go before the wind with such speed as to soon drown its victim. The bird would then devour the fish at its leisure.—*Manchester (Eng.) Courier.*

ONLY FRIENDS.

Summer's freshness fell around us,
Nature dreamed its sweetest dream
Every balmy evening found us
By the meadow or the stream,
With our hearts as free from sadness
As the sunshine heaven sends;
Youth's bright garden bloomed in gladness
Where we wandered—only friends.

Not a word of love was spoken,
No hot blushes flushed in red;
Love's first sleep was left unbroken,
Bitter tears were never shed.
We were young and merry-hearted,
Dreaming not of future ends,
And without a sigh we parted;
Fate had made us only friends.

But a little germ of sorrow
Wakened in my heart's recess,
When I wandered on the morrow
By our haunts of happiness.
And this germ found deeper rooting
As the weary days wore on,
Till I felt a blossom shooting
In love's garden all alone.

No kind fate threw us together,
We had missed the lucky tide;
Golden-gilded summer weather
Not forever doth abide.
But for me, though vainly sighing
For a love Time never sends,
Still is left this thought undying:
We, alas! were—only friends.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A cooking club—The rolling-pin.

A conscientious milkman never wears pumps.

The proper dress-goods for a farmer's wife—Gros-grain.

Cinder-ella—The girl who shakes our ashes.—*St. Paul Herald.*

An important suit—a man's wedding garments.—*Burlington Free Press.*

In the lottery of life the dentist is a lucky fellow; he's always drawing something.—*New York News.*

Now's the time the average gunner—
A man not of deeds, but words—
To drop in and tell you a stunner,
How he bagged a score of birds.
—*Goodall's Sun.*

"Rest and change are good for people," said the wife, as she rose in the night to rifle her husband's pockets. "I've had a rest, and now I think I'll have a little change.—*Boston Courier.*

"Kiss the baby while you can," admonishes a poet. We can kiss her just as well fifteen or twenty years from now—if she's that kind of a baby, cautiously remarks the Buffalo *Express.*

"I think my wife advertises her mouth," said Jinks. "Why? How do you mean?" inquired a frided. "Oh, it is very busy all the time, and is never closed, even on a holiday."—*Merchant-Traveler.*

The loud mouthed talker makes a great display,
But what he said last night takes back today.
The silent man makes very little show,
But he is never asked to swallow crow.
—*Boston Courier.*

A step ladder covered with plush is the latest parlor adornment. The next thing will be to cover the tack hammer with plush, and then the average woman may be trusted to hang a picture.—*New York Graphic.*

Somebody has been trying to prove by figures that there is one cow for every four people in the country, but folks familiar with the gauzelike cream of the boarding-house can never be brought to believe it.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"Uncle James," said a city young lady, who was spending a few days in the country, "is that chicken by the gate a Brahmin?" "No," replied Uncle James, "he's a Leghorn." "Why, certainly, to be sure!" said the young lady. "How stupid of me! I can see the horns on his ankles."—*Rochester Express.*

It was a tiny little bird
That sat upon a tree
And warbled from her throbbing throat
Her trilling minstrelsy.
A crouching, creeping Thomas cat
Gazed at her from below,
But she sang on and paid no heed
Unto her cruel foe.
And nearer crept the Thomas cat,
And then he made a spring—
The hapless bird was in his mouth!
But ceased not yet to sing.
Oh! then chaste music's holy charm
Itself made felt ere long;
The cat released the singer, which
Still chanted its clear song.
Ah, baffled cat! ah, happy bird!
Ah, music's wondrous power!
The bird, though, was a pretty toy,
Which, wound up, sang an hour!
—*Boston Gazette.*

The Story of the Telephone.

In 1872 Dr. Bell had a private school for deaf mutes in Boston. Among his pupils was Howard Glyndon, who is well known in literary circles. One day, while this lady was walking, she noticed that whenever street cars were passing and the muff in which her hands were placed was pressed against her body, she experienced peculiar vibrations. On informing Dr. Bell of her sensations, he proceeded to construct what he called a sound-box, having drum-shaped heads, which was to be worn in front, under the clothing. Dr. Bell experimented with sound-boxes till he struck upon a new idea. This idea excited him very much, caused him to work sometimes all night, and at length resulted in the telephone.

Dr. Bell now needed capital to push his idea. He was poor, having nothing but his salary as teacher. The way the Bell telephone became a success was due to causes wholly outside of its own merits. Gardiner Green Hubbard, of Cambridge, Mass., had a deaf-mute daughter at school in Germany. Becoming dissatisfied with her progress he had her come home, and employed Dr. Bell to teach her. The young lady was very lovable, and Dr. Bell soon discovered that the feeling he had for her was very different from the ordinary feeling existing between teacher and pupil. He felt compelled by honor to resign his position, which he did. But the mischief was done. The affection was mutual.

At first the young lady's parents opposed the union. But when they found their daughter's happiness at stake they gracefully surrendered.

Dr. Bell had won a charming wife and obtained as father-in-law a wealthy business man. Gardiner Hubbard had every inducement to push the telephone. From this time on it was a success.—*Chicago Tribune.*